

A thousand years from now, as some
tanned angel steps into her bath
and drops her towel, don't be
surprised if the steam says
"Wham bam, I'm in heaven!"
and the soap replies "Me too,
Charlie. That's just where I am."

PUSSY

It was all we cared about, those highschool
years of calloused fists and smuggled Playboys.
All day long we scanned for skirts to look
up, blouses to look down. Every flash
of breast or thigh stiffened the will of every
guy to get pussy. First Steve, then Ted,
then Carlos, then Johnny, one by one

they did. One by one they got pussy,
and traded cruising the Chuck Wagon
hang out for helping girls watch baby
brothers, or go shopping, or do homework —
anything to reach that slippery jungle
we were all bananas for. I watched
my friends' lives coil around them like pythons

in those Tarzan flicks I watched to see
Jane's thighs; and I wanted to be wrapped
in those coils too. Then it happened: I got
pussy. It was all I'd hoped and more,
sweaty nights parked in Dad's Dodge, or panting
out on Devore Field with Linda, which meant
beautiful, which Linda was. Only later

did I wonder, was it worth it: Ted and Carlos,
Johnny, Steve, and me shouldering open
the heavy door marked Adults Only, pulled
by dirty blues guitar through velvet curtains
into our own bedrooms where girls we knew
lay in our beds and offered us that cherished slit
which drew our boyhoods inside blissfully to die.

— Charles Webb

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